# THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates—the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

*Vol.* II. *Saturday, November* 28, 1807. *No.* 22.

## *For the Observer.*

" The author's sole design is, the investigation and diffusion of useful " truths—His desire is, not to influence his readers to adopt his " opinions, but to excite in them a spirit of enquiry, and to assist " and encourage them to think and to judge for themselves."—— BELSHAM.

The purport of my essays has been to demonstrate the natural propensity of all men to believe and hope in a Deity, and to shew, that Religion, which consists in the worship of that great Being whom we ought to consider as the maker and governor of the universe, is necessary to the comfort of individuals, and the safety and happiness of society.

Our religious worship consists of two parts, viz. Private Devotion, which is performed either in our closets, or in company with the members of our family, friends, or relatives—This kind of worship every man will exercise according to his feelings and circumstances—that man must be truly inconsiderate indeed, who does not sometimes, in private, examine himself, and turn his thoughts and meditations towards the God of Heaven.—In spite of all the pleasures and temptations of the world, lost must that man be, to all sense of moral virtue and rectitude, who does not, at times, confess his sins and his weaknesses, and silently, but devoutly, implore the mercy and protection of *Him* " by whom we live, and move, and have our being." ....

The second kind of devotion is, where we assemble with our friends and neighbours, and pray for ourselves and others—this we denominate *Social Worship*, and is extremely useful and salutary in all well regulated communities—every man will see it necessary to attend such

assemblies, particularly those who happen to be placed in what are called the upper ranks of life, to give an example to the lower ranks, and to sanction, by their presence, public worship, which contributes, by its effects, to draw us nearer to each other, by strengthening the bands of social life, increasing the Christian charities, and inclining us more and more to the practice of all the social duties,—in short, to fear God and love our neighbour.

I have also endeavoured to prove, that the forms of public worship, so extremely essential to the right understanding of our duties both in public and private, have been sadly perverted and disfigured by ignorant and designing men, who, instead of presenting to us a plain, rational, and intelligent form of adoration of the Divinity, agreeable to the simple and obvious precepts of the New Testament, have deformed it by various creeds and confessions, ceremonies and mysteries, beyond the comprehension of all human understanding—By this unnatural metamorphosis, more than by any other cause, I aver, that the Gospel is misunderstood, and Scepticism exceedingly increased—Men of sense and information are disgusted by the daily repetition of incomprehensible dogmas and mysteries, forced upon them with all the terrors of damnation ; they appal and confound the ignorant and illiterate, whilst they give a pretext to the young and the licentious, to shelter themselves under the specious doubts of the Sceptic, and the plausible arguments of the Infidel.....

When will the day arrive, when men of enlarged minds and liberal understandings, shall undertake a reformation of *Clerical* dogmas ?.... When will the time come, when a Bourdaloue or a Masillon, a Blair or a Kirwan,* shall arise, to demonstrate the truths and illustrate the doctrines of *Jesus Christ*, with all the charms of eloquence, and all the proofs of argument ?.... Who, in a series of well written papers, or well composed sermons, shall be able to attract and fix the attention of both the young

* Note*—All that can be conceived of the eloquent powers of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Pitt and Burke, of Blair and Porteous, &c. seemed to have been combined in this most accomplished Irish preacher;

and the old, to the understanding of true religion and practicable morality—of *that* Religion, the substance of which is, "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk "humbly with the Lord."……

I flatter myself with hoping, that the time is not far off, when a set of preachers shall arise amongst us, learned, liberal, and eloquent, who will adorn the doctrines of the *Saviour* by their lives, their example, and their abilities—Such a set of men would do more to silence sceptics and infidels, than a thousand camp meetings and fanatical harangues*—Such men, by their eloquence and their arguments, would demonstrate, that the *Christian* religion is not a forbidding and a mysterious system; that the road to Heaven is not a thorny, but a pleasant path, open to all honest minds and contrite hearts.—The Author of our religion has himself declared, "that his yoke is easy, and his burthen light"—and has summed up all his doctrines in these few words, "The first Command-"ment is, to fear God; the second, to love our neigh-"bour."

I cannot do better than conclude with an extract from the author who furnished me with the introduction to this day's paper:……

"Just views of human nature, and of the moral obligation, have a tendency to impress upon the mind a proper sense of the inestimable value of the *Christian* revelation, which places the doctrine of future life upon the only foundation which true philosophy can approve, "a resurrection of the dead," and which, by the assurance of the most interesting fact, reconciles human nature to itself, and enforces the practice of virtue by the most efficacious and awful sanctions—The truth and importance of *genuine* Christianity, is the grand conclusion which the author wishes to establish; for he is firmly persuaded, that to be a rational and a practical believer in the Christian re-

Note *—I beg to be understood, as having not the most distant intention of wounding the personal feelings of any individual; I only claim the privilege of declaring my sentiments on religious subjects, as they do theirs—If a man may not declare his opinion in *this* country, America has no freedom—Let the people read, examine and compare our opinions, and impartially judge between us.

ligion, is to employ the noblest powers of human nature under the best direction, and for the attainment of the best ends—to be wise, virtuous, and happy."

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

.....

## DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

### AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

*(Continued from page 329.)*

Andry, a physician of the court of France of much celebrity published a work in 1699 which has for a motto the words of Job in his seventh chapter and fifth verse of our version, "my flesh is cloathed with worms; and clods of dust, my skin is broken and become loathsome." He quotes from the Latin version, in these words "vermiculi yisos nos torquent et mortuos consumunt ut vere," it is true that worms torment us whilst living and consume us when dead. He quotes farther from the medical and philosophical essays of Thomas Bartholin, taken from the Hebrew text, "caro mea undique verminosa est," my flesh is covered with worms: he likewise adduces from the same author as a fact, that the Hebrew word which is rendered in the vulgate translation, *putrefaction*, ought to be *worms*, that being the true meaning of the original term.

Andry has traced worms into every recess of the human system, and has collected from all the authors who preceded him, or were his cotemporaries all the facts that were connected with his subject. He is an author that should be well considered by every man engaged in medical pursuits. Although he saw so much of human evil derived from worms, he could not accede to the opinion of Kircher, as to their universal influence, and as his objections are such as have been commonly urged, I shall take occasion to state these, with a view of answering them.

He thus commences his work, "worms are usually spoken of as the most despicable of all animals, and yet it is plain that we do not think them so, because there are none other against which we care more solicitous to defend ourselves.

In the second chapter which treats of the manner in which worms are engendered in the human body he observes that this is effected in us as in other animals by seeds which are conveyed into and inclosed in it. For every species of animal, even the Acarus, or Tick, small as it is issues from its egg in a perfect state, & such as it was contained in its parent. It is required we should explain the manner in which worms find admission into the human system. When we consider the multitude of the eggs of caterpillars, of flies and of other insects, and the hosts, almost infinite, of minute beings with which the microscope has made us acquainted, and which are contained in every species of fluid, whether simple or compound, we can have no difficulty in conceiving their ready admission into every recess of nature. Hence they must be accessible, either in the egg, or in the perfect state to a frame so abounding with receptacles as that of man, when, from the smallest to the greatest, there is no animal, vegetable or mineral that is not capable of affording them a reception. The air and the aliments must abound with them, and wherever these are admitted, *they* must be *admissible*.

As it is well known that heat is sufficient to hatch the worms contained in eggs, when these eggs come into contact with a suitable matter, that is to say such as will afford sustenance to the young brood, there is no difficulty in believing that the "human body can furnish such matter in abundance; and therefore may give them occasion for birth in great number and variety. The multiplicity of humors contained in the human system may be suitable to many different species, and to all such as are found suitable these will naturally resort. Eggs may be compared to the seeds of vegetables, some of which flourish in one kind of earth, and others in that of a different kind. Thus one individual abounding in a particular humor, will give ready support to one species, and another will be more favorable to the propagation of another species of worms. He again compares the animal body to the earth, some parts of which will not produce

any kind of vegetable whatsoever, and he supposes that there are some bodies equally unpropitious to the generation of worms. But as the parts of the earth so situated are indeed very rare, it may be doubted whether any such would exist, were proper culture employed, so the number of animal bodies incapable of furnishing nourishment to worms, must assuredly be inconsiderable, if at all to be found. In the eye of reason, on every principle of analogy, from the facts which present to daily observation, there is no such body existing, because there are none that are not occasionally sick, and there is not perhaps one, except a few mentioned in the holy scriptures, that have not died of disease, except such as are destroyed by obvious external violence.

As the author considers the subject of much importance, he has pursued it at great length. After referring to the Mosaic account of the creation, and to the assurance that all animals and vegetables were furnished with the means of perpetuating their several species, he thus proceeds.

As every animal has in itself the materials necessary to the production of issue similar to itself, in proportion to the abundance of aliment is invariably the fecundity.—This is strikingly exemplified in insects, as they always multiply in the exact ratio of the food and congenial temperature of the air to which they have access. Where these are favorable, they deposit their eggs in profusion, but always in proportion to the fitness of quantity, quality and degree; this prevails through every generation, and ever to the utmost limit of nourishment.

As a multitude of these eggs are very small and very light, it necessarily happens that many of them are dispersed through the air and waters and scattered over the earth, by means of the winds and rain. Thus it is ordained with respect to the seeds of many plants. Both are conveyed from one place to another, and when either meet with a place suitable for their purpose, that is where fit aliment is provided for their progeny, there they either attach themselves to proper objects, or take root, and in their season become productive. There is no species of

solid or fluid, no kind of mixture which may not be suitable to, and readily admit of one or more species of these eggs, hence we are not to wonder that worms, which they produce, are found in every description of fruit.—With respect to those that are visible to us, it is probable that the eggs are deposited on the flowers, and are enveloped in the same covering with the future fruit, from which they derive their nourishment, and through which they afterwards make their escape at the due season. It has been well observed by naturalists who have multiplied observations since the time of Andry, that the holes we perceive in various kinds of fruits are the exit and never the entrance of worms. As they are often found in fruits where no opening is to be seen, our author presumed that the eggs might have been absorbed from the earth with the juices of the plant, but their being deposited on the flowers will equally explain the phenomenon, and with this process we are familiar.

He correctly alledges that the constituent parts of animals must afford, to many, an equal accommodation, and that in these they may with equal facility undergo the various changes suitable to their nature. If this is really the case, and all the phenomena which present to our senses in vegetable and animal life conspire to establish the fact, does it not then follow that animals are destroyed by them exactly in the same proportion as vegetables, and that as the mode of entry is deemed to be similar in both, that in the exit, the event must be analogous?

---

## THE MONK.

.....

*Concluded.*

I was shocked to hear him. "You have led a terrible life," said I, "but it nevertheless appears, and is to me a consolatory idea, that evils have not blemished your soul. The care which you take to warn imprudent persons of the snare in which they might fall, bespeaks a feeling and compassionate heart."

"You forget," replied he, "I told you *that* care was only a vengeance. I hate my companions because they have injured me; but I cannot love men who tolerate those barbarous institutions. Unhappy ever since my birth, to whom can I owe a sentiment of benevolence?"

"Perhaps to him who pities you."

"When these abominable retreats are burnt to the ground, then will I believe in piety and justice."

"But you must be sensible how many men can say to you, as I do: it is not my fault if a fanatic founded this house, and if a cruel mother forced you into it."

"My mother!"

He remained silent a moment; his looks made me shudder.—"My mother! I cursed her a long while, when each revolving year returned the day on which I first pronounced my vows. But I no longer curse her."

"You have ceased hating?"

He looked at me for some time, then he continued with a bitter smile: "I have nothing to conceal from you; I have nothing to fear. I believed I pronounced maledictions, that a just and avenging being heard them. I no longer believed it."

I was struck with these words—"What! you have suffered so much in this life, and you will not hope any thing from the other?"—"It no more depends upon us to adopt errors than to discover truths. Without doubt religious ideas are the charm of misfortune; they would be more valuable to me than my sad conviction. But can we cast our eyes on this dreadful chaos of evils and crimes, and believe it to be the work of a perfect being! I look on all men as feeble parcels of a perishable matter, the sport of an invincible necessity, as long as for them shall last that system they suppose to be the essential order of things, and which is only one of the transitory combinations which are lost in the innumerable revolutions of eternity. My lot has been bitter. I must fulfil my destiny: it will end."

"Thus, in *your* future, a single instant fixes your attention."—"Yes, that which will be my last; it comes very slowly."

"Your ingenuousness," said I, "must excuse mine. I must communicate one reflection. I do not comprehend how; when for you the other life is a chimera, and this one a torment." I hesitated—"Make an end," said he. I continued, "I cannot conceive, after all that I have heard, how I should meet you this day, walking quietly in these woods."

"I understand you. There was a time when I might have taken that step: *then* I dared not, I was still fearful. I now fear nothing. But when my reason became enlightened, my soul was dejected; I was in despair, and had lost my courage; I abandoned myself to the habitude of suffering. There is an age at which man will not part with life; it continually afflicts him, and quits him by degrees, without his having the strength to cast it off."

Whilst we were thus conversing, the face of nature was changed. The storm approached on heaps of clouds; the night was growing dark. We walked on without speaking a word; but from time to time flashes of lightning shed a livid light over his features, which made them more hideous.

We were advancing towards the convent, and were already near it. It seemed as if the tempest had settled on its roof; the thunder rumbled all round with redoubled claps.

I perceived the forehead of the old monk to brighten for a moment. "O! if the fire of heaven," cried he, "could but consume that odious inclosure, and all the wretches it contains!"

"You have then not one friend there?"

"A friend—we all call one another brothers, and we are all slaves."

After these words he entered into the dwelling he had just been cursing, and the door shut him in.

My soul was deeply sorrowful. I saw that misfortune, when extreme, ends with rendering the heart callous, and that the complaints of despair become blasphemies.

This wretch, who might have found consolation and refuge in the idea of a God, preferred to renounce it, in order to have the more right to hate mankind.

O! thou supreme and necessary Being, in whom I believe, because every thing announces thee, thou hast not created beauty that men should avoid admiring it; thou hast not spread out the riches of the creation that men should inhabit dungeons; thou hast not planted in our hearts the want we feel of loving our fellow-creatures, in order that we might unceasingly frustrate that want, and love nothing.

Men have disfigured thy works, before they denied their author; and the atheist has dared to say... *Thou hast not made me*....and the fanatic has said, *Thus hast thou made me.*

*To the Editor of the Observer.*

MADAM,

Although in determining to give my MILITARY REFLECTIONS to the public, I subscribed to submit to the fate of all authors, that of the variety of opinions to which a publication necessarily gives rise, yet I feel myself under the necessity of contradicting a report in no small degree singular, which has reached me on the subject of this little work. I shall therefore take the liberty of observing to those who upon the *faith of others*, may believe that I have inserted in this Essay any sallies against the government of France, that they will find nothing which *bears the most distant similitude to it in the publication itself*: that they may be convinced of my discretion in this respect, I refer them to the work itself, and particularly to the introduction, as well as pages 7, 24, 25, 36, 37, and to note A, page 6. Secondly, I would remind them of the letter which I addressed to the editors of the American, and which was published on the 20th of October last. It will then, I hope, be clearly demonstrated, that whatever may be my private feelings and opinions, I have

touched upon no point foreign to my subject, that I have spoken of foreign powers but with that circumspection and respect, which good sense, propriety, and the situation of this country demand ; that in short (as I remarked in my letter to the American) *I have spoken of the chief of the French government and its coadjutors*, (pages 25 and 37) ONLY IN TERMS TO WHICH THEY COULD NOT THEMSELVES OBJECT.

Permit me, Madam, to request the insertion of this categorical explanation in your paper, which I now give for the last time. and in order that I may not be made to express sentiments which are in *no way* to be found in the essay in question.

I have the honour to be &c.

MAXIMILIAN.

---

*For the Observer.*

.....

## POLITICAL.

At a period when it is in *some degree felt*, that the events of Europe can no longer be indifferent to America, the new scenes which are now passing in *Sweden*, must excite both interest and curiosity.

Whatever may be the diversity of opinions, with regard to the causes and progress of the French Revolution; no one at least can deny, that the young king of Sweden has set an example to the European powers, worthy of a *king*, and worthy of the successor of Charles the XII. in the royal welcome he has just given to Louis the XVIII. of which the newspapers have published an account.—But what will be the result of this generous procedure it is yet difficult to determine.

Is it not however evident, that if the emperor of Russia has placed the Pretender under the necessity of quitting his dominions to seek an assylum in Sweden ; Sweden may justly consider herself as menaced by an invasion of the Prussians, stimulated by the policy, the influence and the interest of Bonaparte, who cannot necessarily al-

low with impunity that a king should be acknowledged whose throne he fills.

Bonaparte, so far from wishing for peace, must be most anxious for the sake of his preservation to find plausible pretexts for continuing the war. The step which Sweden has taken, must therefore compleatly serve to determine Russia to the execution of a scheme of spoliation which she had long ago formed upon *Finland*, which is too near Petersburgh to escape, and not to be deemed an object of much importance to Russia; as well as for engaging France to carry on the war.

This, without doubt, Louis the XVIII has felt, and probably the unfortunate prince would not expose his generous friend to the danger of being in vain hurled from his throne, and reduced, like himself and his partizans to wander over the surface of the globe in search of an asylum. It may therefore be believed, that the report of Louis the XVIII's removal to England is not altogether without foundation, since it should seem that the inflexible and noble pride of the British Nation should be the last ægis of this fugitive Monarch.

If, however, any one should conclude from this circumstance, that the affairs of the Bourbons are become more prosperous, they would be most grossly deceived; since unless England has the intention, of stipulating at the peace for an indemnity for the Bourbons (which idea coincides with the letter from New York, published in the Observer 7th Oct. No. 19, 2d vol.) it may be believed that Great Britain would not again take advantage of this great name, except to make use of it as an engine to endeavor to create dissentions and to weaken France, in order to accomplish making a division of it, and becoming one day sole and absolute mistress of her fate as well as that of her princes.

Should any be disposed to reject this hypothesis, let it be remembered that the minister, Lord Hawksbury, openly declared in Parliament "*that England did not pretend to be at war for the re-establishment of the Bour-*

*bons*," and if to this circumstance are added those which have been stated in the article of the *criminations* which concerns *Great Britain*, (see Observer 24th Jan. vol. 1, No. 4) it will be sufficiently proved that the protection upon which Louis the XVIII. could calculate on the part of England, in placing himself at her disposal, is so little sure, and so strongly tends to injure the Pretender in the minds of the French People, that this step may be considered as a proof of the emergency of his situation and the excess of his misfortune, rather than as a sign of hope of his re-establishment. M. A.

---

*From the "Athenæum."*

MEMOIRS OF EZZELINO DA ROMANO.

Of all the petty tyrants who have rendered their names equally terrible and detestable within the sphere of their power, few can compare in point of vigour and capacity, as well as of cruelty and ferocity, with *Ezzelino* surnamed *Romano*, who bore a great sway in the north-eastern part of Italy about the middle of the 13th century. He is frequently mentioned in the histories relative to that period, but the most particular account of his life and actions is to be met with in the following work.

*Historia d' Ezzelino Terzo da Ramano.* In Trevigi, 1648, 8vo. Dedicated by the printer, Simon da Ponte, Gasparo Spineda, Sopracomito di Galera for the Republic of Venice.

As it contains many curious particulars of the events and manners of that age, a general sketch of its contents with the quotation at length of some of the more remarkable passages, may perhaps be an acceptable contribution to the Observer.

The work begins with a view of the state of that part of Italy called La Marca Trevisana, in the year 1100. This Marche of Treviso comprehended great part of the latter Venetian territory on the continent, in which were the cities of Verona, Vicenca, Padua, Treviso or Tre-

vigi, Trent, and Altino. At that period, says the writer, it was in profound peace and tranquillity; all its cities enjoyed a free government, paying due obedience and a decent tribute to the emperor. The people, not burthened with impositions, lived in great prosperity, every man occupied in the concerns of his own calling. Nor were they yet infected with the party animosities of the Guelphs & Ghibbelines; whence every city abounded in nobility and people, in merchandize and wealth. Among the noble families of that period, there were five distinguished above the rest for antiquity, property, reputation, and powerful alliances. These were the family of *Este*, whose possessions were chiefly in the Paduan territory; of *St. Boniface*, in the Veronese; of *Onara*, in the Paduan, and also in Piedmont; of *Campo San Piero*, in the Paduan and Trevisan; and of *Comino*, in the Trevisan.

When the emperor Otho III. came into Italy, among other eminent commanders, he brought with him one named *Ezzelino the German* (the name is doubtless Italionized) who for his great services obtained several grants, among which was the castle of Onara, 15 miles from Bassuna, with all its possessions and jurisdictions. He was made count of that place, and finally settled in Italy with all his family. By his address he also became lord of Bassuna, and of many other castles in Piedmont: and he frequently visited Padua, where he built a superb palace, and was in high esteem. He died at a very advanced age, leaving two daughters honourably married in Italy, and one son named *Ezzelino Balbo*. This son, who married a Paduan lady, had one son, *Ezzelino Monaco*, and a daughter united in marriage to Tiso da Campo St. Piero, a very opulent and powerful nobleman, head of one of the great families above-mentioned. The death of Manfredo da Baone, accounted the richest man in the Marche of Trevigi, left his only child Cecilia a wealthy heiress. She was committed to the guardianship of one Spinabello, who offered her to Gerardo, el-

dest son of the above-mention Tiso, as the most suitable match he could find for her. Tiso consulted his father-in law Ezzelino Balbo on the proposal, who, thinking the connection a very good one for his own son Ezzelino, secretly treated with Spinabello to give him the preference to Gerardo. In fine, he prevailed with the guardian, and Cecilia was married with great pomp to Ezzelino Monaco, by whom she had a daughter. The family of Campo San Piero werere highly enraged at this treachery, and resolved upon vengeance. They watched many years for an opportunity, which at length offered itself. Cecilia, having obtained permission from her husband to visit her great possessions and her kindred in the Paduan, departed from Bassano, where she resided, with an attendance of about thirty servants. Gerardo da Campo San Piero, informed of her journey by his spies, collected a strong troop of his friends, and met her at a place on the road, pretending that his intention was to do her honour. When, however, he had got her into his power, he changed his tone, and informed her that it was his purpose to put her to shame, in order to revenge the injury which he had sustained from her husband.—Her most pathetic entreaties were fruitless, as well as the ties of kindred by which they were connected. He kept her with him forcibly all night, and the next morning sent her back to her husband with an insulting message.

*(To be continued.)*

.....

## HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

28th November, 1704, died, aged 37 years, John Locke, the celebrated Philosopher and Metaphysician, and so well known, amongst other works, by his essay *on the Human Understanding*. Like almost all other great men, he experienced the bitterest vicissitudes was pursued as a state criminal, then as a dangerous writer, and was deprived of his employments, although acknowledged innocent.

28th Nov. 1776, Clinton took *Rhode Island.*

28th Nov. 1794, was guillotined, the famous Carrier, celebrated for drowning Priests, and the Institutor of Republican Marriages, (see page 253, 1st vol. of Observer) several of his accomplices were executed with him.

## *POETRY.*

### *MARY.*

O veil the warm and living rose
That freshens o'er the virgin cheek;
O bend thy speaking eyes on those
Who can sustain the things they speak!
The cheating hopes, the wayward fears,
That juggled with my tender years,
Resign at length their feverish sway;
And I have sworn to be no more
The thrall of love's insidious lore,
But sterner powers obey.

Yet, Mary! when again I view,
With thrilling nerves and sinking frame,
The winning form, the feeling hue,
The breathing look without a name!
O blame me not, if, while I gaze,
The perished hopes of former days
Should swell the tear in vain repress;
How can they thence away be torn,
Nor leave my bleeding heart forlorn
And widow'd in my breast?

So, o'er the couch, where, faint and low,
The wreck of parting life is laid,
When friendship bends in speechless woe,
And weeps to feel how vain her aid;
If chance athwart the darken'd bed,
The morning sun one ray should shed,
Straight to the dying man appear—
The woods, the fields in vernal bloom,
And verging to the cheerless tomb,
He drops one human tear!

S. MAGILL, Printer, 9, South-Street